

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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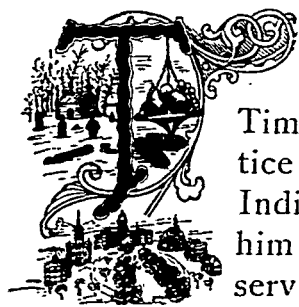
THE HON. TIMOTHY E. HOWARD, A. B. '63, A. M. '64, LL. D. '93.

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Indiana.

LETARE MEDALIST, 1898.

## The Lætare Medal.

PRESENTED TO THE HON. TIMOTHY E. HOWARD.



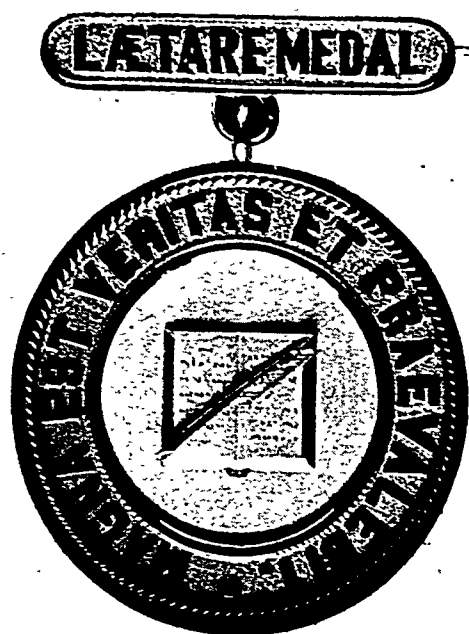
THIS year the Lætare Medal was bestowed on the Hon. Timothy E. Howard, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Indiana. It was conferred on him in recognition of his faithful services in behalf of religion and morality, education and law. It was conferred on him in recognition also of his personal worth as man, citizen and public official.

It is fully realized that in thus honoring Judge Howard, the University of Notre Dame honors a man who has in constancy to faith and services to country fittingly and creditably exemplified her teachings. As a student, earnest and industrious in her halls; as a patriotic volunteer, prompt in response to the call of duty when sectional discord and civil strife threatened the life of the Nation; as a soldier, noted for bravery in battle, and honorably bearing on his person the scars of war; as a Christian, exemplary and unwavering in fidelity to truth and the doctrines of our holy Church; as a man, upright in character and uncompromising in honor and integrity; as a professor, respected for efficiency and popular for gentle manners and kindly traits in the class-room; as a scholar, patient and persevering in research, and unassuming in a rich domain of erudition; as a writer, pure in thought, choice in diction and felicitous in expression, Judge Howard has deserved well of his *Alma Mater* and fellow-citizens, and she has responded by conferring on him this high token of her appreciation and confidence.

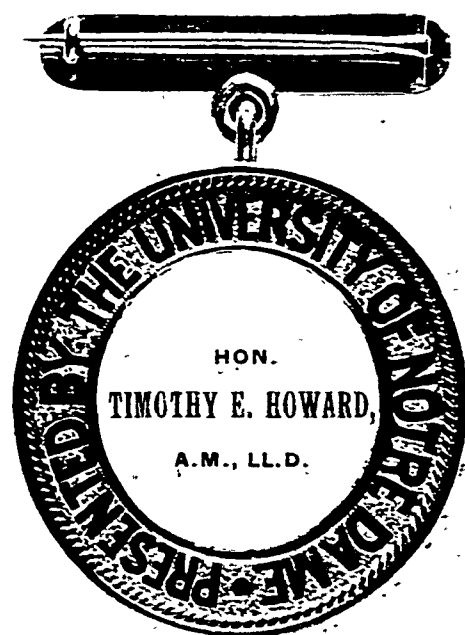
The University of Notre Dame is mindful also of his services to the people of the State in still other fields of usefulness. She has observed with gratification his steady progress from councilman to clerk of the circuit court, city and county attorney, state senator and chief justice of the supreme court. Native modesty could not altogether conceal or withdraw from public observation the substantial and enduring merit of his work, and the people called him from station to station in grateful acknowledgment of the ability, scrupulous care and conscientious devotion to duty with which he fulfilled in their behalf all the obligations devolving upon him. They exhibited in a practical way their appreciation of his efficiency,

integrity and trustworthiness. It may be said of him that he has never disappointed public expectation in any station to which he has been called in the order of his merited preferment; for he has steadfastly, without fear or favor, been guided solely by the law and the promptings of an invincible sense of right.

Judge Howard is a native of Michigan. He was born on a farm near Ann Arbor, the 27th of January, 1837. In his 17th year he attended school at Ypsilanti for two terms. The following year he became a student in the University of Michigan, where he remained until he had attained to sophomore standing in the collegiate course. Soon afterward, however, illness in the family rendered it necessary for him to return home and assume the management of the farm. Some months later he was offered the position of teacher in one of the local schools. He accepted the offer and officiated in that capacity for two years. On attaining to his majority he was elected school inspector, but this office he resigned after having served a single term. He was induced to do so mainly on account of his having perfected arrangements to enter the University of Notre Dame, with a view to finishing his collegiate studies. Two years after his matriculation at Notre Dame, the alarming tocsin of civil war was sounded, and the harsh summons to arms rang out through the land. Nowhere was the call heeded more promptly and enthusiastically than at Notre Dame. Many of the students, professors and members of the Community responded with alacrity and hastened to the front. Among these was Timothy E. Howard. He enlisted in the Twelfth Michigan Infantry, and left at once with his regiment to join the army then forming in Kentucky and Tennessee. He was with the van of the army in the advance on Pittsburg Landing or Shiloh. Camped at that place, and not apprehensive of immediate danger, the Union forces were taken at a disadvantage when suddenly attacked by the Confederates under Johnson and Beauregard on Sunday morning, April 6, 1862. In the destructive contest that raged all day through the timber and underbrush and in the clearings the Union troops were compelled to fall back slowly toward the river, and only the death of Johnson and the approach of night saved them from possible capture. During the night reinforcements arrived, and Monday a decisive victory was won. In that battle the Twelfth Michigan took conspicuous part, and young Howard was severely wounded. He was



discharged in consequence, and as soon afterward as practicable he returned to Notre Dame. He received at the succeeding Commencement the degree of Bachelor of Arts and was chosen Professor of Rhetoric. Moreover, the chair of English literature becoming vacant about that time, he was elected to fill it. In 1864 the degree of Master of Arts was conferred on him in course. He was married the same year to Miss Julia A. Redmond, of Detroit, Mich. On his return he established his perma-



nent home near the University, but within the corporate limits of South Bend. As professor he possessed remarkable versatility, and taught with exceptional facility whenever occasion required classes in History, Mathematics and Astronomy, as well as his own regular class in English literature. Moreover, he wrote and had published "A Grammar of the English Language" and two works of an educational character, entitled "Excelsior" and "Uncle Edward's Stories." He wrote likewise many poems of exceptional merit. It is safe to state that more exquisite lines have not been written in our day than "The Bells of Notre Dame."

In 1878 Professor Howard was elected a member of the common council of South Bend. Later he was elected clerk of the circuit court. In 1886 he was placed in nomination for State Senator and led his ticket to victory at the election in November. In 1890 he was re-elected by an exceptionally large majority. In the Senate he was admittedly the most influential member of that body. His services were of exceptional importance. For example, he is the author of the Momence bill, which provides for the drainage of the Kankakee Valley; he was chairman of the committee in charge of the School Text-book law; he drafted the Revenue law; he introduced the bill for the establishment of the Appellate Court, and to his care were committed the Indianapolis charter and the Suburban Street railway bill.

For several years he served with his usual efficiency, fidelity and conscientiousness as attorney for Saint Joseph County and city attorney for South Bend.

In 1892 he was placed in nomination for judge of the Supreme Court of Indiana. The election was held in November, and he carried this (Fifth) district by a substantial majority. He was triumphantly elected. His work on the bench has been careful and analytical, impartial and courageous, conscientious and creditable. He has been actuated throughout by his sense of right, and from that he has at no time nor in any instance departed or swerved one jot, no matter what the pressure, whether of corporation or individual, friend or foe. He has achieved in this regard a distinction of which any jurist or official in public life might feel justly proud. In fact, he is regarded throughout Indiana as one of the most impartial and incorruptible judges that have been elected to the supreme court since the political organization of the State. He is now serving his second term of chief justice.

In view of his honorable record for fidelity to religion, service to country, ripe scholarship, educational work, trustworthiness in official life, efficiency in legislative circles, and high standing as a jurist, the University of Notre Dame has appreciatively and cordially conferred on him the Lætare Medal for the year of our Lord, 1898.



## A Retrospect in Irish History.\*

Today the scattered remnant of a noble nation gather about the altars of the Christian world to offer a tribute of undying love to their patron, and to rekindle the inextinguishable flame of loyalty to their native land.

The life of Saint Patrick, devoted brother, ardent lover, zealous teacher of mankind, heroic soldier of Christ, is a wealth of beauty, nobility and godliness; and his name and fair renown will be honored and sung as in the past, until the last echo of Time has died away. Today, however, a living, burning cause confronts us of Irish blood, and we shall turn our attention to that. If the heavy film that blinds our eyes were removed, and the immortal Saint should appear to our vision, I know he would say to us: "Go! your country suffers! Be ye men in her defence! Let her enemy beware of the ides of March!"

This glorious year of our Lord 1898 is destined to be recorded in the history of Ireland in words of transcendent splendor. Today is sounded the drum beat arousing Ireland's long-slumbering legions and calling,—

"To arms! to arms! ye brave!  
The avenging sword unsheathe!  
All hearts unite for Freedom evermore."

We gaze back far into the past and recall with horror the Revolution of 1798. Do we shrink from it with fear and dismay? No; we steadfastly gaze upon it with speechless admiration, with sorrowful love; we praise and venerate the memory of the myriads of Irish patriots and lovers of liberty who bled and died beneath the banners of Right and Justice.

That once proud nation, which in mediæval and premediæval times sat at the round table of nations under the vast dome of the temple of the universe, a youth of tender years, teaching the world the holy truths of civilization and Christianity, in the days of '98 was beggared and crippled by oppression. But the revolution that strove to avenge all this was justifiable.

The latter half of the eighteenth century was a period of bitter warfare. The spirit of "Liberty at all hazards" permeated the very atmosphere that men breathed. The immaculate *fleur-de-lis* was drooping, red with the noblest blood of France. The proud eagle was shaking from her wings the tears of her beloved faithful, and soaring above the blood of the

tyrant. Freedom rewarded the desperation of France; liberty crowned the splendid triumph of the United States. England was weakened, and the spear fast piercing Ireland's very heart must be withdrawn, the agony of ages avenged. England's habitual cruelty in her dealings with Ireland had, in 1798, been stimulated into new vigor. All favor had been withdrawn and servitude again prevailed. Like the conscienceless Parrhasius, England killed slowly, lifting the writhing victim that she might again

"Press down the poison'd links into his flesh,  
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!"

Long-suffering Ireland had been given home-rule. Her legislature was master of her affairs, constitutional and commercial, internal and external. Her national freedom, legislatively, had been acknowledged forever. England was sapient, magnanimous. There appeared to be "much kindness in the Jew." General happiness and prosperity and invincible strength and power were to cement this peaceful, magnificent union.

But England was not to reform so suddenly. Ireland's prosperity, she jealously averred, would sound her own death-knell. The parliament and constitution of Ireland were destroyed. The British government seized the power by corruption and crime, and restored all former penal conditions,—worst of all, declaring with Nero and Mahomet: "Lay aside this illusion, your religion." She bade her Irish victims, at the bayonet's point, lay aside the religion they had cherished in infancy, worshipped through life; the faith they had drunk into their very being, making it as vital a part thereof as their life's blood. The trivial legal offences of the Irish were expiated with the pitch cap, in penal servitude or on the gibbet. They suffered barbarous persecutions; their homes were destroyed; their churches were sacrilegiously plundered and razed to the ground.

Ireland rose to the occasion, united. The old streams of family disruption, political difference and religious antagonism were buried in the great sea of national welfare. The conflict began. The English government for awhile cajoled the Irish that it might "divide and conquer;" and then these English

"Cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war."

Together with German mercenary hordes, grown too fond of scenes of blood and desecration to listen to the cries of suffering humanity, they ravaged, destroyed and murdered. Blinded by her rancorous and remorseless hatred of

\* Oration delivered at the "Columbian" entertainment on St. Patrick's Day, 1898.

Ireland, England plunged headlong into a hell of atrocities, against which the laws of justice and civilized warfare cry out in horror and execration.

The British soldiery, and that other monstrous engine of iniquity, the Orange banditti, were let loose with plenary powers to scourge, rape, plunder, torture, burn and kill. The homes of non-combatants and insurgents alike were shambles of distress and outrage.

Up out of ruin and decay rose the United Irishmen—that noble body of Ireland's most stout-hearted and intrepid defenders. That little band, composed of those that had evaded the galleys, the emigrant ship, the gibbet and that stalking spectre of destruction and dissolution, *Famine*, with pike in hand, heaped upon the English instigators of this dread infamy, deserved disgrace, shame and humiliation.

In Wexford the trained troops of England, exhibiting cowardice as flagrant as their former ferocity, were ignominiously thrashed by undisciplined peasants armed but with croppy pikes. Under Father John—valiant priest and patriot—a mere mob, that they might defend their homes and lives and avenge the firing of their chapel, attacked the British troops, with common pitchforks. They made a desperate, irresistible charge upon the yeoman cavalry which was double their number and fully equipped, and left but five troopers to bear home the story of this incomparable onslaught. Two days later this same body of peasants with their recovered pikes, after a fearful struggle at Oulart Hill, routed upward of a thousand English and Orange cavalry and militia. Enniscorthy with its numerous garrisons, and Tubberneering with its English host, commanded by the famous Col. Walpole, fell before the croppy pike. Harvey, the insurgent leader and his little band, infuriated by the brutish and dastardly murder of their messenger of truce, rushed madly at Ross upon the English forces, one thousand four hundred strong, under Gen. Johnston, and cut them to pieces. The allied Frenchmen, but one thousand in number, kept the British forces,—over one hundred thousand men—in a continual state of perturbation, and marched inland unmolested from Killala, where they had landed. True to his promise, Humbert, a character of unsurpassed courage, dash and decision, made the French arms respected. At Killala, Ballina, Colooney and Drumshambo, the English fled before the Frenchmen in confusion and dismay. At Castlebar the royal troops, over six thousand

strong, met, at the hands of these fearless Frenchmen, inglorious slaughter, broke into a panic and fled madly, never stopping day or night until Cornwallis, reinforced, halted their wild retreat. Then unfortunately the weakness of undisciplined power made itself evident. But not until after the oppressor had surrounded the Irish with one hundred and fifty thousand regulars, English, and Orange, and German mercenaries, was the uprising crushed.

Wexford, and all the counties severally, were compelled to yield, and the old customs were renewed. The tyrant was restored to wreak his awful vengeance upon his disobedient slaves. Pitch caps and half hangings were in constant use, and the gibbets were red with the life blood of hundreds of God-fearing men. The internal strife, religious and political, instigated by England was continued. Thousands of pounds were expended to corrupt the honor and sever the growing unity of Ireland. Landlordism was restored, entailing suppression of education and industry, causing famine, despair and misery.

Time has proved conclusively that the patriots of Ireland were in the right and that England was wrong; that today that great and noble Irish people stand a pitiable confirmation of the truth of the poet's words:

"Ne'er yet did persecution's offspring thrive,  
For the forc'd heart, submitting, still resists—  
Reason gains all men, by compelling none."

Oh! if England had consented that she and Ireland

"In love of what is right,  
In virtue and humanity unite,"

what a glorious union they would have made! Together, hand in hand, invigorated, dignified, ennobled, they would have stridden in the vanguard of civilized nations. But no; that innate, ruthless and unrelenting English hatred and jealousy of all that pertains to the Irish people obstructed the way, and, in the words of Paulding, "The most persevering, galling, grinding, insulting and systematic oppression to be found anywhere except among the Helots of Sparta," ensued.

This is only a smattering of the true history of several events in the dread history of Ireland, stripped of the tinsel of Macaulay, Hume and other historians. What injustice to assert that a people who rose up against a barbarous and unrelenting persecution, its dissolution and misery, rather than forfeit their fidelity to their religion and to the inalienable rights of man—life, liberty, property and the pursuit of happiness—what shocking injustice to assert



that such a people can not loyally unite under the same banner and under the same leader! When the occasion appears and the true leader commands, the Irish will not be found wanting. Rebellions are but too often foul and dishonoring,

"If they once triumphant spread  
Their wings above the mountain head,  
Become enthroned in upper air,  
And turn to sun-bright glories there."

And so the uprising of '98, because it was unsuccessful, was a riot, and the illustrious but ill-starred men that sacrificed their fortunes and lives in that struggle to emancipate a magnificent and generous nation, are rebels. But this is unjust, absurd, monstrous. If they are traitors and rebels because they sought a redress of indescribable grievances, then it is noble and grand to be a traitor; and in reality they stand in the ranks—the world's heroes,—side by side with Leonidas, Hampden, Lafayette and Washington.

Our American rebellion of 1776 was caused by a trivial tax on tea, and because victory crowned our efforts, that uprising is recorded in history in words of immortal splendor as the sublimest of revolutions. Ireland, though she rebelled against tyranny a hundred times worse than that under which America suffered, failed, and therefore she is ignored.

Today, saintly Patron of a suffering people, hearken to the prayers of the sons of that people among whom you lived and labored. Instil into the hearts of all her children, in all lands, that true, generous, united patriotism which characterized the splendid rebellion of 1798.

Ireland, unfortunate Ireland, hope on! Thy honored sons throughout the foremost nations of the world will demand that Christian, cultured England make reparation for the vilest, most barbarous cruelties known to mankind.

"Freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,  
Though often lost is ever won."

Erin—I say it with all reverence—you have been stoned, mocked, spat upon, scourged, crowned with thorns, speared and crucified, but the day of resurrection is at hand.

#### The Life-Song.

Discord and harmony of marching days;  
Melodies of peace and jarring strife;  
Poor jangle, man's heart-searching, hopeless lays;  
Majestic choruses of noble life.

A. L. M.

#### Varsity Verse.

A BOOK.

A BOOK like any piece of human art—  
A statue, painting or sweet music's voice—  
Reveals a thousand thoughts when viewed in part,  
And offers treasures at the reader's choice.

When first we look at it, its worth lies deep  
Beneath the garb of many mystic words;  
But when our minds upon it bent we keep,  
We'll strike by chance on varied pleasing chords.

The more we search to find this hidden worth  
The clearer it becomes; just as the sky  
At last by far more brilliant stars shows forth  
Than first, when dazzling lights deceived our eye.

To every book we must adjust our mind,  
So that it focus well the central thought;  
Then all its precious gems we soon shall find,  
And all its lines will be with meaning fraught.

M. M. O.

THE NEW LIFE.

Sunshine and shadow of the springtime,  
The greening ways are filled with sighs of rain;  
The new life breathes across the waking meadow,  
The warm winds from the south are come again.  
Spring with her cheeks in faintest crimson glowing  
And hair unbound, over the lowlands going,  
Fills the air with the song of birds and the lowing  
Of browsing herds and color of sprouting grain.

Shadow and sunshine of the springtime,  
The full round days give way to fragrant night;  
Coming again with violet dew-wet morning,  
Filling the shrub-lined lanes with warming light.  
Freshening showers the thirst of the earth is slaking,  
The buds of the willows and maples are swelling and  
breaking,  
The flowers from their beds of sodden leaves are  
waking,  
In the sunshine of spring, in the wake of the win-  
ter's flight.

L. P. D.

TO AN UNNAMED.

I know not, dear, the color of your eyes,  
Whether they're dark and deep or sunny blue,  
Fair as the cloud-swept sky of a summer's day;  
I only know they look so wistfulwise  
That my poor dreams are all of them and you,  
And I shall bow before your glance away.

I know not, dear, the color of your hair,  
Whether 'tis black as night or fair as gold;  
Yet when you pass me by on the crowded street,  
I know your tresses—be they dark or fair—  
And in my heart the endless love I hold  
For you, and my dreams are all of thee, my sweet.

H. W.

#### To my Lamp.

Companion in the weary hours of night,  
When I, your dearest friend, am dead,  
Smother thy flame that gives my dark world light,  
And say *your* life has also fled.

L. P. D.

# A Sign that Failed.

JOHN J. DOWD, '99.

College life, as every other life, has its bright and dark side. Its monotonous hours of "grinding" are broken by enlivening incidents. To the old student even what was once commonplace acquires an interest as the years go by, for the affairs of college days are like the clouds that hang in the west; when the fading sunlight strikes them they turn to gold. Often an occurrence, that at the time was very near to resulting seriously, becomes a subject of laughter when the perpetrator has long since withdrawn from the discipline of his *Alma Mater*.

Some time ago among the students of a university not far from here was an individual we shall call Baker, because, if I remember rightly, that was not his name. He will be remembered by old alumni of that institution as one that had a hand in every piece of deviltry that took place, yet his sober mien and apparently diligent habits shielded him from all suspicion. Once, however, a misdeed was unerringly traced to his door, and the successful manner in which he removed the evidence of his guilt is worthy of emulation by all undergraduates.

A certain tailor in the town had, somehow, given offence to the college boys. One evening as Baker and a few of his chums were passing his shop, a plan of retaliation was quickly determined upon. Forthwith a sign that swung over the side-walk was wrenched from its fastenings, and with this trophy under his arm, Baker, followed by the others, hurriedly departed. The proprietor inside heard the noise and darted out in time to see the culprits disappearing with his property, about half a block away. He was confident that he recognized Baker and one or two others, but to be certain he gave chase. It was not very far to the college dormitories, and as the signlifters had a handicap they came in a good first.

The tailor knew that it would be useless to search for them in that labyrinth of rooms, so he sought the apartments of Professor Martin, with whom he was acquainted, and poured out his grievance.

"Are you sure that it was Mr. Baker?" the professor inquired. "He is very sensitive and I don't like to act upon suspicion."

"I demand to be shown to his room!" the

irate knight of the scissors replied; "he had his collar turned up and his hat pulled down, but it was Baker all right."

"I know Mr. Baker too well to believe him capable of such rowdyism," maintained the professor. "However, as you insist we shall call upon him immediately."

As soon as Baker and his friends entered the dormitory they felt secure, and proceeded to the hero's room where they set up the sign and surveyed it triumphantly from every side. Here was a trophy that graced a room better than oars or other testimonial of athletic prowess. This was a memorial of victory over a common enemy, and every freshman that looked thereon would ask its history and envy the coolness and good luck of its possessor. One suggested that it be decorated with all the castaway neckties and suspenders of the set; another, that it be secretly placed in the room of some obnoxious student, and the owner then notified of its location.

In the midst of their rejoicing they heard the familiar step of Professor Martin. Baker was not the least disturbed. It was before the days of steam-heat and there was a bright fire in the little wide-mouthed stove.

"I'll lock the door and don't open it till I'm ready," whispered the owner of the room. "Winans, take this knife, cut up the thing and put it into the stove. Don't pay any attention to that knock. I'm going to pray and all you fellows join in."

Then, in as deep and resonant a voice as he could command, he prayed for all men, for all officials of the United States, for all citizens, for all college men, that they might apply themselves and keep aloof from wrong doing. Winans did not have all the sign in the stove yet, so he prayed for the Faculty in general, and kind, considerate, erudite Professor Martin in particular. The prayer was easily heard outside. The professor whispered to the tailor:

"Surely it wasn't those boys that took it."

"Perhaps I am mistaken," he admitted.

As the stove door closed upon the last vestige of their exploit, Baker concluded his prayer for "our beloved professor" by entreating that, "he might never be led into disbelief or doubt and become like to those 'who seek a sign, but a sign shall not be given them.'" Then he opened the door. The tailor looked sheepishly around upon the students, who appeared to be taken by surprise. Winans coughed a little; Professor Martin's face wore a satisfied smile, and the stove roared.

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—In the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC it was erroneously stated that Farley won third place in the two hundred and twenty yard dash at the Chicago contests. The place was won by Daly to whom the SCHOLASTIC bows in apology.

—On Tuesday last the University was given the pleasure of welcoming as guests General Lew Wallace and Schuyler Colfax, Jr., who remained just long enough to dine with President Morrissey and see a bit of the University. In the evening the General lectured at South Bend for the Colfax memorial fund. In this venture the SCHOLASTIC wishes all success, as the well-known statesman whose memory is to be honored by the townspeople of South Bend was a warm friend of Notre Dame.

—The vagaries of human life are indeed surprising: As a rule, men seek to be enlightened and to know; yet how often will they withdraw from the right path, cover their eyes to hide them from the truth, and grope along on the loathsome ways of darkness. Just when we are starting in the right direction, a little prejudice, a bit of pride or clinishness is all that is necessary to lead us astray.

This is especially true in regard to religious matters. People carp and rail at the Church for preaching false doctrines; for being unpa-

triotic; for stirring up anarchy and undermining government; for being a stumbling-block to social and political progress. Yet these people—some of them, too, honest enough in their convictions,—never take the smallest step towards finding whether their allegations are correct or not. Many persons living within a few blocks of a church, where they may at any time attend and learn what its doctrine really is, prefer to remain away and be in ignorance. This is of no detriment to the Church but to themselves. Why do they not take the trouble to open their eyes and see what is before them? to examine that doctrine which they may hear preached every Sunday and regarding which they have such vague ideas? If they do not wish to embrace the Faith, it would at least be worth their pains to free themselves from their illusions concerning it.

## Major-General Rosencrans.

By the death of Major-General Rosencrans, not only the Catholic Church but the whole country has lost one of its most distinguished and patriotic sons. Perhaps no general of the civil war enjoyed a more unsullied reputation than he. Always courageous, always prompt in action, General Rosencrans,—or "old Rosey" as the soldiers familiarly called him,—was always where the fray was the thickest and the enemy pressing the hardest. Many a time when victory was almost despaired of, and the troops of the Union were on the point of giving way to the foe, nothing but the intrepid daring of their leader saved the day. One of the noblest characteristics of General Rosencrans, was that he never aspired for personal honors. This, perhaps, is a reason why he is not noted for the dash and brilliancy that characterized some of the other generals; his own glory he permitted to be merged in the success of his soldiers. After the war, he showed the same modesty in refusing honors that he did while in military service. Though repeatedly urged by his friends to accept the nomination for Governor of Ohio, and afterwards for the same office in California, he would not permit his admirers to name him as a candidate. At Notre Dame his loss is keenly felt. The Faculty and students always had a great admiration for the brave general, and two years ago, it was a pleasure for the University to confer on him the Lætare Medal, the highest honor it can bestow.



Archbishop Ireland's Address.\*

It always delights me to visit Notre Dame. It is not that I behold magnificent scenery and imposing buildings. It is not even that I salute friendly faces and am saluted by them. It is that I see the University of Notre Dame,

have always found reasons to admire it, to cherish it, to be grateful to it in the name of Church and of country. How much has been accomplished in these fifty years of its existence! How many students it has sent out through the land, bearing with them treasures of religion and science to enlighten their pathway and give example to their fellow citizens!



MOST REVEREND JOHN IRELAND, D. D.

with its great traditions of fifty years and its great possibilities for the future.

It is now, I believe, more than a third of a century, since I first visited Notre Dame. Even then it was a great school. Since then I have watched its interests, its onward course, and I

\* From stenographic notes taken by students.

During this one half century two characteristics have distinguished Notre Dame—two which must endear her to me and to those who, as I am, are Catholics and Americans. Notre Dame has been a great school of religion and a great school of Americanism. Religion is needed not only for the future life of the

soul, but for the present existence of man on earth. And where religion is not closely interwoven with other elements of education man is not provided for, his happiness is not secured, his usefulness is not fully developed. And the founders of Notre Dame, when they offered to Western America science and art, offered them beautified and permeated with religion.

Notre Dame has been throughout its existence not only a school of religion, but a school of sincere and courageous Americanism. The name of Father Sorin is a name engraven on the pages of the history of his country as one of its most devoted patriots and far-seeing citizens. He and his companions and their successors have always understood that it is a solemn duty to serve well one's country, a solemn duty imposed upon them by considerations both natural and supernatural. It can never be forgotten in the history of America and of the Catholic Church in America that when the civil war broke out and soldiers hastened by the hundreds of thousands to the battlefield, Father Sorin sent out of the small number of his companions, seven chaplains. In those days, for one reason or another, very few priests went to the front with the army. Priests indeed were few in the country, and their occupations at home were very pressing; although in my own judgment no occupation should have been so pressing as that of chaplain to the soldiers. Father Sorin in the sublimity of his patriotism and of his religious convictions, and in his far-seeing wisdom, understood the duty of the hour and the opportunity for religion, and he sent out his priests as chaplains; he sent the Sisters of the Holy Cross as nurses to the wounded. When the history of the Catholic Church during the civil war is written, chief above the works, the spiritual works of all our priests and all our Sisters, appears the work of the Fathers of the Holy Cross and of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

I allude to this fact because I consider it one of the noblest incidents in the history of Notre Dame, and one of the incidents in Catholic history in America that has reflected most honor to the Church and has contributed most to break down prejudice against religion; and I never think of Notre Dame and of Father Sorin without feeling sentiments of gratitude for that great act of Americanism and of Religion. I do not suppose that we are advancing rapidly at the present time to the days of war; but I am sure that the spirit of religion and patriotism that denominated Notre Dame in 1861 domi-

nates it in 1898; and should there be a war I will take it upon myself without consultation—that there would be no need of consultation—that chaplains are to be had in Notre Dame, and that, so far as years will allow it, a goodly company of student-soldiers will come out from Notre Dame.

I have spoken two words—two glorious words—"Catholic America." The word Catholic tells of the life of the soul, tells of the God above us, and of the Redeemer linking us to God. The word Catholic tells of the society built by Christ Himself, tells of the hope of the other life, tells of the noblest, best and purest aspirations of the present life. It tells of all that is great, beautiful and civilizing during eighteen centuries. It is a word at the sound of which hearts must throb and pledges must issue forth from the soul for loyalty to the duties and inspirations coming from those words, Catholic America. All peoples love their country as it is their duty to do; but the love for one's country must be the stronger and the more fervent in proportion as that country has claims upon her children; and what country has such claims upon the allegiance of its sons as America? The word America sums up the highest gifts of civilization; it sums up the sweetest gifts of Providence to human society—civil and political liberty without stain.

It is the duty of Americans to love their country; it is in a special manner the duty of Catholics to love their country, for in addition to all the reasons which others have for patriotism, we Catholics have the further reason that loyalty to country is a duty imposed upon our Christian hearts by our Christian religion. And it is well that we make known everywhere and at every time, without any ostentation, by rational deed and rational word, our faith and our loyalty.

In the greeting addressed to me, mention was made of the future. It is well that we look to the future. It is well particularly for young men, with their ardent imagination, their courageous hearts, to speak of the future, to look forward toward it, and to bound forward to it. No man ever accomplished anything who did not look into the future and hoped in the future. No people ever become great who do not look to the future. The common man from whom nothing great can come, is always satisfied with the present day and the present hour; the builders of nations, the apostles of religion, always look beyond the present. They see the beauties of possible victory and

they are entranced at the sight. A new life comes to them; great deeds are accomplished. You, my friends, must be ambitious of doing great things. There is a true, a noble and God-commanded ambition that should not be absent from the soul of the Christian and the patriotic American: it is the ambition of serving God, of serving for God's sake humanity and country; it is the ambition to bring out into salutary action the potencies of the soul, all the faculties which God has implanted in our nature. You must look forward to the future, gentlemen, and resolve, each one of you, to play well his part.

There is a great future for America. How much it has already accomplished for the human race; how much more will it accomplish if it continues in its traditions, loving national liberty, defending it against all perils, protecting it from apathy, from excess of ardor, and building up a noble, perfected humanity! As you look to the future be determined to do all you can for America; to do all you can to perpetuate her liberty and to elevate and improve the social condition of her people. Look up to the starry banner, and resolve that you will ever be ready in word and act, even at the sacrifice of life, to guard that banner from any stain; aye, to add, as years go by, to its glory, till all the peoples of the earth, however otherwise they may be prejudiced against it, seeing it elevated on high, must of necessity proclaim that it symbolizes what is best in human civilization.

For the Church, of which you are the devoted sons, what a future there is in America! The Church in America is free, unfettered to put forth her latent energies, to give full flow to the divine life which has come to her from her Divine Founder. Here there is no stain on her garment, no concordats to limit her action. She is free, as free as she can be, to fulfill her mission to the full extent of her native strength. We know that strength; what is needed is that it be put forth; that all may see, admire, know and love it.

Now when we speak of the Church putting forth her latent strength, we mean her sons, her soldiers. We mean you, my friends. Be then resolved as you look into the future that you will do your duty for Church; that you will give your lives as an example of personified religion, and in your public actions bring honor to her and extend her sway. Oh! if you are faithful to the instructions received at Notre Dame, to the inspirations of Notre Dame, how

much you can do for the future of the Church in America! The power of working for Church and country lies in education. However much or however little educated they are, all can do a great deal. I see at once that the highest interests of the country rest upon zeal for religion, upon nobility of soul. The power for good is in intellect. The greatest of kings is the mind. It is mind that rules, it is mind that plans, that proposes, that brings ideals within our vision. Education always rules, always attains to the summit; and in this age in our country more than in any other age or in any other country, intellect will rule. And here is the advantage of Notre Dame; for here your mind is fashioned, enriched with treasures of science and art. You are sent out from the walls of your *Alma Mater*, equipped as the knights of old for great achievements. A liberal education is a wondrous engine of power, and I am filled with admiration when I look toward six hundred young faces; and see back of those faces this power trained for good. Six hundred trained soldiers going forth from Notre Dame—how much they can do if they are only faithful to the responsibilities imposed upon them by Providence and to the inspirations of Notre Dame!

What is it that we need absolutely for the future of religion in America? Educated laymen. Priests are the teachers not usually, at least, the great men of action. The men of action are the laymen; and there is no hope of future victories for Church unless we have an educated, a zealous, ambitious, Catholic laity. We have faith in schools like Notre Dame; for Notre Dame shall have failed in her mission, if during the next quarter of a century or the next half of a century her alumni are not found in every profession, in every walk of life, honoring by their conduct, their noble achievements, Notre Dame and the Catholic Church.

I say to you in all frankness that so far our Catholic laymen in America have not attained to the high positions which it seems to me belong to them. There are reasons, and I need not lose time explaining them; I speak the fact. But I say there is no reason why the future Catholic laity should not do their full duty and receive a full reward for their labor. Today where are the Catholic laity in the halls of Congress? They can be counted on the fingers of the two hands. Where are the Catholic laity in high government positions? Few are there. In our strange conditions we wonder when one or two are discovered there.

Among the writers of America whose words are welcomed by the millions of readers are few Catholics. Let us write down one hundred names of the great men of America. I am talking now of power, not of moral goodness. Let us write down the names of one hundred men who have power in America; there are few Catholics. There are causes for all this; but the fact is unfortunate, and the Catholic Church will not have had its full and true development in America, until its friends are found in the highest walks of life. Why should Catholics not be there? Have they not ambition for great things as well as others? Have they not opportunities for education? Is it because prejudice keeps them down? They sometimes say that prejudice keeps them down, and they content themselves with that. Prejudice may have done this in the past; it does so no longer; and anyhow, power can rise above and crush out prejudice. Now I think this wanting in our Catholic young men of today: they are not sufficiently ambitious. They must propose to themselves great things. They must be made of that stern stuff which will be dismayed by no obstacles. They must hold out to themselves that they are working for God and for Church, and that their own elevation is the elevation of Church.

Now if you wish to remember for some time my visit to you today, let this visit mean to you the noble ambition to become a power in America. Let not your ambition take second rank anywhere; but let it be among the first, the noblest of noble ambitions, to have your names inscribed in high positions and honored for great deeds, not for mere selfish motives, but because your names will be the names of children of God's Church.

I stand surprised at the possibilities before me. Students of Notre Dame, remember your responsibilities now; and when in that glorious future, which I trust awaits the Church in America, Catholic names will be strewn over the pages of history; and when the question will be put: "Whence came these men?" let not our hope be disappointed that the students of Notre Dame will be well represented.

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WE may look back on the Church at any period of her history, and we shall find that she was progressive then as she is today; that then, as now, she was the one power capable of directing and carrying with her the genius of the world.—*Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C.*

#### Saint Patrick's Day and the Columbians.

Out in the busy world the observance of the glorious Seventeenth has not been so spirited during the last few years as it was in the good old days when the Green was to be seen at every turn, and the blue-shirted drum-corps, prancing horses and all the pomp of an ideal St. Patrick's Day parade blocked traffic for hours; but here at Notre Dame the observance seems to increase in fervor annually, and, thanks to the Columbians, the exercises make the day one of the most enjoyable holidays of the year. Everything connected with the celebration last Thursday was all that could be wished—the oration, the music, the play, the actors, even the weather.

Our beautiful Church of the Sacred Heart was filled at eight o'clock with members of the Faculty, visitors and students, where a solemn High Mass was celebrated by Very Reverend President Morrissey. Reverend J. D. Coleman preached an earnest, eloquent sermon, in which he dwelt feelingly upon the old but ever new story of Erin's past glories and present miseries. After the congregation had left the church, the University Band visited the main building and the various departments of the University, and for almost an hour the gay and the sad melodies of Ireland floated about the campus.

Some wise person years ago turned the afternoon of Saint Patrick's Day over to the Columbians, and they have formed a most delightful "entertainment committee" ever since. There has been steady improvement in these afternoon exercises from year to year, and there is not the least exaggeration in saying that the Columbians of ninety-eight have surpassed all previous efforts. Mr. Crowley's oration, which is published in today's SCHOLASTIC, was delivered in an almost faultless manner. His presence and voice are pleasing and his gestures appropriate and very graceful. There were not, however, quite enough of them. Of the many merits of the oration itself the reader may judge.

The play presented was "The Celebrated Case," an interesting drama that is well-suited to the abilities of the cast. The action centres upon the trials of the soldier John Renaud, who is unjustly accused and condemned to the galleys for life for the murder of his father, Pierre Renaud. In the end, of course, the condemned man is restored to liberty, the

"villain" is punished, and "all ends happily."

Mr. Francis Maloy made a soldierly John Renaud. He was easy and natural throughout the play, and altogether his work is very promising. Mr. Alfred Duperier as Count De Morney was an admirable "villain." He spoke his lines distinctly, which is an unusual occurrence in Washington Hall, and there was an evenness about his work that was very pleasing. Both in the prologue and in the play, Mr. Francis X. McCollum did remarkably well, and his good stage presence was remarked by all. Much hard work fell to Mr. James Conway, who, as Sergeant-Dennis O'Rourke, mixed humor and pathos in a delightful manner. His brogue, though a trifle overdone at times, was rich, and had the smack of "th' ould sod." Mr. Harry Crumley as the old man, Pierre Renaud, had an excellent "make-up," and his voice is well suited to the character. Mr. John Woolverton as the Seneschal was effective in the prologue, and Master Leo Kelly made a winning little Armand Renaud. He spoke his lines clearly, and his intelligent work won much praise. Mr. W. J. Adams as the friar, Mr. Joseph O'Connor as the sergeant, Mr. James Taylor as the Count's servant, and Mr. Edward Gilbert and Mr. Robert Funke as officers in the king's army, were all natural, and they made the most of their parts. Two important characters, those of Armand and Louis De Morney, his companion, were cleverly impersonated by Mr. Charles Ensign and Mr. Lucian Wheeler respectively. Mr. Ensign is at home on the stage, and Mr. Wheeler was very strong at times, especially in the quarrel scene with his father in the fourth act. The soldiers, convicts, villagers, etc., were well-trained, and gave entire satisfaction in their humble parts. The great defect with all our local actors is lack of volume of voice, one of the first things an actor should learn to avoid. In the prologue especially many of the lines were totally lost, even to those in the front rows. There was an improvement in this respect in the last two acts. Then, our college Booths should put more life into their work, and not announce a murder as if it were an every-day affair. That calcium light effect should be abolished, also—there is too much of the Bowery melo-drama element in it. The "make-ups" and costumes in Thursday's production were all that could be wished. Professor Carmody, who coached the Columbians, has the thanks of all at Notre Dame for his able work, and for the good results obtained therefrom.

Between Acts II. and III., the University Quartette sang "An Idyl" in a very pleasing manner, and just before Mr. Crowley's oration the ever popular mandolin orchestra played "Palatinus March," to which they were compelled to respond to an encore. The work of the orchestra was the best we have heard in Washington Hall this year. Professor Preston deserves much credit for the steady improvement the orchestra is showing, and he and his band of musicians have our heartiest thanks for the pleasure they afford us at all our college entertainments. The selections played by the orchestra are neither too heavy nor too light, and the rendition is far ahead of that of many of the professional orchestras in city theatres. The exercises were carried out according to the following

#### PROGRAM.

Overture—"Palatinus March".....*Arr. by Preston*  
University Mandolin Orchestra.  
Oration of the Day.....Mr. Jerome J. Crowley  
Selections—"Fleurs d'Irlande".....*Ellis*

#### BETWEEN ACTS.

Acts I. and II.—"Japanese Lantern Dance".....*Bratton*  
Acts II. and III.—"An Idyl".....*Parker*  
University Quartette.  
Mr. Jerome J. Crowley      Mr. F. J. Schillo  
Mr. William C. Kegler      Mr. T. A. Steiner  
Acts III. and IV.—"Santiago Mexican Waltz"....*Corbin*  
Acts IV. and V.—"Darktown Parade".....*Fischer*  
Finale—"Gardes du Corps March".....*Hall*

#### "THE CELEBRATED CASE."

##### Cast of Characters.

#### PROLOGUE.

John Renaud, a soldier in the French army.....F. Maloy  
Pierre Renaud, John's father.....H. Crumley  
Armand Renaud, John's son (aged seven).....L. Kelly  
Count D'Aubeterre, commanding the king's own  
regiment.....F. McCollum  
Lazare, camp-follower.....A. Duperier  
Dennis O'Rourke, an Irish sergeant in the king's  
service.....J. Conway  
The Corporal.....R. Funke  
The seneschal of the village of Montague—J. Woolverton  
Captain of The King's Own.....E. Gilbert

#### PLAY.

John Renaud, condemned to galleys for life—F. Maloy  
Count De Morney, the Lazare of the prologue  
.....A. Duperier  
Duke D'Aubeterre, Governor of the Province, com-  
mander in prologue.....F. McCollum  
Dennis O'Rourke, in the service of the Duke  
D'Aubeterre.....J. Conway  
The sergeant of the guard.....J. O'Connor  
Joseph, a servant to the Duke D'Aubeterre ....J. Taylor  
Armand, Duke D'Aubeterre's adopted son....C. Ensign  
Louis de Morney, companion to Armand....L. Wheeler  
Director of the college of Nully.....W. Adams  
Soldiers, convicts, villagers, etc.

F. W. O'M.



## Exchanges.

We are always glad to welcome a *débutante* in college journalism, even when she is not arrayed in her most splendid furs and feathers: we live in hopes that age will bring improvement; but when a youngster like *The Collegian*—the new publication from Sacred Heart College, Watertown, Wis.,—comes to us, filled, as it is, with well-written and entertaining essays, verses and stories, our welcome is doubly hearty. The essay by "J. B.," "The Poetry of Robert Louis Stevenson," contains much that is entirely new and original, and, although short, its perusal will be found profitable as well as pleasant. We believe with "J. B." that if Stevenson, who was one of God's noblemen, had given the close attention to poetry that he did to prose he would have attained distinction as a poet. We were impressed by Mr. Brown's "Rhapsody," and were willing to overlook some slight improbabilities because of the thought. For the *Collegian's* verse we have nothing but praise. A very successful sonnet and two or three ballades and triolets show that the *Collegian* men can cope very successfully with the most difficult of verse forms. Now when the new paper has become more settled we hope to see it contain a good exchange column. Sacred Heart College may well be proud of its new publication, for seldom does it happen that student-editors jump so readily into the harness, and with such good results.

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The *Salve Regina* comes to us in a new form and dress of charming simplicity. The author of "Pearls in American Waters" in the February number of the paper has been kind enough to select as one of the "pearls" a bit from the SCHOLASTIC pages: some of Mr. Reilly's verses. The essay entitled "Sonnet" is very thorough and complete. "A Modern Paris" is graceful in thought and execution.

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According to *The Northwestern* some of the Evanston students used the bulletin board last week to express their "eager willingness to volunteer to fight against SPAIN for the redemption of our HONOR, and for free CUBA as *versus* Spanish treachery and POPEDOM, so soon as war shall be declared." So far President McKinley has taken no action regarding this important announcement, and, so far as we can learn, not a Spaniard has even shivered. We should like very much to see those enthusiastic

students of Northwestern University sent to Cuba. Perhaps they would be grieved to learn that the Cubans are not yearning in the least to be delivered from "poppedom." The "Man on the Campus," in whose column the bulletin notice appears, straightway takes the centre of the stage, turns on the red foot-lights, and chirps: "Bring forth all the hounds of warfare and slip their leashes. Down with Popery! Down with the Inquisition! Up with 'free Cuba,' the exact opposite of 'treachery and poppedom!'" The "Man on the Campus" is half in fun and wholly in earnest. And all this at the end of the nineteenth century!

## Our Friends.

—John W. Miller, C. E., '97, is engaged in engineering work at Sandusky, Ohio.

—Rev. Father Sadlier of Battle Creek, Mich., was a welcome guest at Notre Dame during the past week. Father Sadlier's visits are always much too short.

—The distinguished author, General Lew Wallace, accompanied by Mr. Tong and Mr. Schuyler Colfax of South Bend, dined with President Morrissey and members of the Faculty on Tuesday.

—Reverend Father Rathz of Batavia, Ill., accompanied by the Honorable Hugh Mason, a prominent lawyer of Chicago, visited our Very Reverend President and friends among the Faculty last week.

—Mr. Jenaro Davilla (student '94-'96) of Mexico has accepted a position on an engineering corps of the Illinois central railroad. He is located in Chicago. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him success in his new duties.

—Charles T. Cavanagh, A. B., '91, who is practising law in Chicago, responded to a toast at the banquet of the Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick in Chicago on the evening of the 17th. Mr. Cavanagh's remarks were thoughtful, bright and very well delivered, and the toast was one of the most pleasurable events of the evening.

—From a recent number of the *Catholic Telegraph* we clip the following:

"Mr. Ernest F. Du Brul, a graduate of Notre Dame University and a member of the Xavier Lyceum, lectured last Monday afternoon before the Cincinnati Women's Club on 'Karl Marx and Socialism.' Mr. Du Brul is one of the most popular young Catholic lecturers of Ohio."

Mr. Du Brul, who is a member of the Advisory Board of our Athletic Association received four degrees from Notre Dame, and he studied two years at Johns-Hopkins. We are pleased to hear of his success on the lecture platform.

Local Items.

—Lost.—Dessert for dinner. Finder please return before Commencement Day.—Mueller.

—The Carroll Hall Specials played an exciting game of baseball with Captain Pulford's team, the Cannibals, Thursday morning.

—The St. Cecilians held their 6th regular meeting Wednesday evening. The numbers on the program were very entertaining, especially the dialect recitation by Mr. Schmitt. A strong program was arranged for the next meeting.

—Delaney and Atherton have a great deal of trouble when they are out on a surveying expedition. If Atherton sets the transit Delaney has to use a step-ladder, and if Delaney sets it, Atherton has to get down on his knees.

—The idea of cross country runs has met with great favor among the track men, and in a short time the boys will be participating in that exhilarating sport. There are many courses that could be taken along picturesque routes to places of interest.

—The weather prophet desires to make apology to the public for his inaccurate prediction of a snow storm on St. Patrick's day. He says that he followed the most approved form of science in deducing his opinion, but in this iconoclastic age no form or custom is safe.

—Workmen are engaged in fixing the track and field. The basket-ball diamond is as level as a table, and without doubt will be one of the best in the West when it is completed. The track has to be banked at the corners and a little more grading done. It will be ready for use within two weeks if the weather is favorable.

—Joe Naughton is usually a quiet, gentle lad, but beneath his calm exterior lurks a pent-up spirit of mischief. His friend, Tommy Burns, was suffering with chapped lips, and he went to the Infirmary for some vaseline. He left the box on his desk during a class hour and Joe happened to see it. He took the lid of the vaseline box and put it on a box of tan shoe polish. This happened some time ago, and Tommy says he won't speak to Joe as long as the taste of that polish remains.

—In the Law Debating Society Saturday night the debate on the money question closed. The gold standard, represented by Messrs. Ragan and O'Shaughnessy, won. The negative was maintained by Messrs. Weadock and Walsh. Tonight Mr. Ragan will endeavor to persuade the judge that an uniform bankrupt law should be passed for all the United States. Mr. Murphy will oppose him. Recording Secretary Spalding fulfils his duties admirably, and much interest is taken in all the debates.

—The following have been handed in to the "Questions and Answers" bureau:

Will E. Keg.—I am troubled with insomnia.

What shall I do?

Ed.—Get plenty of sleep.

Joe Dwain.—What nerve medicine would you recommend? I have 189 demerits.

Ed.—Take "Big John Anti-Fright Nerve Tonic."

McCormack.—Do you believe in love at first sight?

Ed.—If your eyesight is good. Still it is always best to take another look.

Hungry Higgins.—Which is more healthful, a shower bath or a sun bath?

Ed.—Certainly.

—When, oh when, will some one that has ten minutes to spare take a hammer and a nail and fix the groove that guides the descent of the Washington Hall curtain? Every act of every play produced during the last year has been marred by this habit the curtain has of sticking when it should go down. The effect of this on many scenes is often serious, but the amount of work required to remedy it would not be serious in the least; for it would take ten minutes to fix it at the most. If some one does not attend to the matter before long the "Local" man, over-worked as he is, will straighten out that groove himself or fall from the step-ladder in the attempt.

—Sorinites spent St. Patrick's day very enjoyably. They all arose early, partly because they wanted to see Heine Kegler's green flag and partly because they had to get up. Eddie put on "dat leetle sphlit-tail coat" in honor of the occasion, and Bill smoked a ready-made cigarette. Jamie wrestled all day in a fruitless attempt to play an Irish air on his French horn. The idea of a Scot trying to play an Irish air on a French horn! No wonder the horn wouldn't work! Some Sorinites took longer strolls. Others, who stood in with the band, enjoyed a free smoke. Gottlieb Von Schinder Spintz Hartung got himself into some little trouble by claiming that St. Patrick was a German. Still, all in all, the day passed off very pleasantly.

—The S.M.'s have reorganized for the work of the coming season and are on the campus in full force practising, throwing, base-running and other things—mostly other things. The candidates for positions are many, and the greater number of the many are full of promise, but of nothing else. All the baseball they know could be put in a very small receptacle and not be noticed. Three hours of practice work are given each day to the rehearsing of spectacular plays, such as triples and doubles, running catches, etc. It had been rumored that Mott and Bob Franey will be the battery for the first. The battery will be changed with each inning. This is so arranged that opposing teams will be intimidated and so frightened that they will be unable to lift their right arms. Mott will do the pitching and Bob will be the back-stop. The official uniforms for the

team were selected by a committee of one, Pete Carney, who has given out through the press that each member of the nine must have "for all special and great occasions a suit similar to his old bathing suit." He also announces that he has an old suit which he will sell for twenty cents to the highest bidder. The candidates for the position of captain are making hard fight. The matter as yet has not been communicated to the public.

KLONDIKE, Feb. 25, 1898.

MR. EDITOR:—I am just in receipt of a letter from Jamie asking for a souvenir as a token of our friendship. Kindly tell Jamie that hints of that kind don't go. I met Skinnee McDonald going down Hot Air Boulevard yesterday. He wanted to know if the old horse was still in the Museum and if Piquette had got a hair-cut yet. The fellows up here all wear long hair and red shirts like Cincinnati Pete's. But this has nothing to do with St. Patrick's day.

I must again ask you to remit. It's all very well for you to say that certain parts of my letters are so to the point, and that I am a good, nice boy, and all that; but I'll tell you right here that I can't jolly the landlady that way. She threatens to separate my trunk from the house if I don't pay my board-bill soon. After all, I'm sorry I left Notre Dame to come up here. Look what I am missing! They tell me that "Klondike Willie" is to make a hit as an actor on St. Patrick's day and that the boys are getting five frosted with a lemonade nowadays. By the way, how is Skinnie getting along? I understand he is floating in high society these days. As news is very scarce, a short letter must suffice this time.

BLAHAH.

--There has been much speculation and (whisper it low) betting lately among the residents of Sorin Hall as to the outcome of the Haley-Hartung singing contest, which is to come off over back of the barn at an early date. The contest is the outcome of a smoking-room argument between the two gentlemen as to which owned the better voice. The Sorinite tried to end the debate by deciding that neither had, but the two song-birds were not satisfied with this. So a singing contest, or Singspiel, was arranged, and Master Willie Sheehan has been chosen as judge. The two contestants went into active training last week, and thereby hangs a tale of woe. On Thursday morning McKenzie got twenty-five for rolling a sixteen pound shot down the corridor, when the truth of the matter is that the noise of the supposed shot was simply the effort Haley was making to reach lower Q flat. Later in the day McCormack got fifty for hammering on the steam pipes with a sledge hammer, but in reality the noise was caused by Hartung running a chromatic with his eyes shut. Shortly after that Haley began to warble the "Gesundheit" aria from the *Götterdämmerung*, and the man in

the next room got twenty for trying to break the furniture. A story went the rounds lately that Haley once sang for money with the Metropolitan Opera company, and the charge of professionalism would debar him from the contest, but the rumor has been proven untrue. The man that originated the story should be sued for libel—by the opera company. Dark indeed is the day of the sensitive Sorinite at the present time! What with French horns, cornets with a cold in the head, mandolins and guitars suffering from appendicitis and these two,—but we fear we shall offend.

--There was considerable disturbance down on Rue-te-Toot on St. Patrick's day. The inhabitants of this part of town are of many nationalities, but the Teutons and Fardowns predominate, and, of course, this fact in itself would be a sufficient cause for trouble on St. Patrick's day. The disturbance arose in this way: about 5 o'clock on the morning of St. Patrick's day a Scot by name of Gæhogan went down Rue-te-Toot playing "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning" on a *French* horn. An enthusiastic Celt named Giles O'Mallity was aroused by the patriotic strains, and hurriedly dressing himself went out into the street to join in the festivities. When he saw that it was the Scot playing the Irish air, he picked up a couple of rocks and hurled them at the "darty black-guard," hitting him once on the top of the head and at another time just back of the door. The two then came together and a fierce struggle ensued. In the meantime the entire neighborhood was aroused and excitement ran high. In the melee a dutchman living at the extreme end of Rue-te-Toot yelled: "Down mit der Irish alretty," but he had no sooner uttered the words when he was hit in the weinerwurst receptacle with an oyster-can, thrown by a usually peaceful Irishman living directly opposite. Brick-bats, shillalahs and Limburger cheese were freely exchanged between the two. Of course the Limburger cheese, when once started, had a wonderful impetus, and was, besides, a source of great nasal discomfort, so that the Irishman had the disadvantage on his side. He also had the Limburger cheese on his side most of the time. During the excitement a large piece of orange-colored ribbon was seen floating from a window in the house of Joe Dwain. There is now crape on the door. An abbreviated German named Steinerhoffen stuck his head out of his door and yelled: "Kill der Irish." He quickly slammed the door shut again, but neglected to pull his head in, and in consequence a dozen shillalahs got in their work. The police finally arrived upon the scene and succeeded in restoring order. Among the injured were; Heine Keglerwurst, Herr Steinerhoffen, Robert Bruce Gæhogan, Peter Emmett Duffmagerty, Jonathan, Dowdinnigan, Eddie Fritz Poolskamperholtz and Giles O'Mallity.